

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1029.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

MISTAKES IN NURSING.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To minister to the sick is one of the noblest ambitions of the present age, as evidenced by the number of people who voluntarily devote themselves to such duties, independently of the calls of affection or considerations of reward. To be a good nurse requires a rare combination of excellences in the same individual—intelligence, physical strength, a kind disposition with firmness, a light hand and foot, courage greater than that which animates the soldier on the battle-field, and, above all, untiring patience. Given these, and the nurse becomes more than half the remedy; not only inspiring confidence on the part of the patient, but of the surgeon or physician also, who can rely that his instructions will be carried out with implicit obedience to the letter. Such a paragon, however, is rarely to be met with, except as an emissary from one or another of those admirable institutions where ladies are trained under skilful management for this work; and in the vast majority of cases, an invalid is placed in the hands of his immediate friends or relations, who, with the best intentions, it must be confessed often prejudice his comfort and retard his recovery by the very over-anxiety which is bred of affection. The object of this paper is not to convey the instructions necessary for the education of an accomplished nurse—a difficult task—but to enumerate a few small points which should be avoided, as tending greatly to the discomfort of the patient, and for the guidance of those who, without previous experience, find themselves suddenly thrust into this most responsible position.

Quietude is a great thing, of course; but real quietude means the absence of all excitement, and it must be remembered that anything out of the common will tend to excite the mind of a sufferer. Do not, therefore, walk on tiptoe, for this, in addition to its unusual elaboration of the gait, invariably causes a certain amount of creaking. Speak in low tones, but don't whisper;

a whisper will often awake a sleeper who would not be disturbed by ordinary conversation; and never say 'Hush!' Let your clothes and foot-covering be of as noiseless and unobtrusive a character as possible, and instead of gliding and tottering about like a rickety ghost, do not hesitate to walk. If you have occasion to say anything in the room, say it so that the patient can hear it if he wishes, and do not let him be aware of your conspiring privately with the others, especially at the door. That door has much to answer for. If it be visible from the bed, people open it cautiously, put their heads in, and slowly withdraw again. If, as is more frequently the case, it is screened by the bed-curtains, mysterious openings and shuttings are heard, unattended with any apparent ingress or egress, and *sotto-voce* colloquies go on outside. When you enter, do so honestly and at once; do not spend five minutes in turning the handle, like a housebreaker, thereby producing a series of irritating little clicks, finally terminating in a big snap, with which the door flies open. If the latch be at all rusty, a handle that is slowly wound back in this way will often stick, and either require to be rattled back into position, or, if left as it is, may start back suddenly, after a time, of its own accord with a report like a pistol-shot! It is always well to recollect that it by no means follows that a sick person is asleep because his eyes are shut; he may be acutely conscious of all that is passing in the room, though unable or unwilling to make any sign; and nothing can be more maddening, under such circumstances, than to have people hush-sh-shing, and whispering around, and creaking about on the tips of their toes. We have all sympathised in our hearts with poor Sir Leicester Dedlock when his tongue was smitten with paralysis, with his sister constantly bending over him with clasped hands and murmuring, 'He is asleep!'—till, goaded to desperation, he makes signs for his slate and writes, 'I am not.'

Never stand at the foot of the bed and look at the patient. While talking to him, it is better

to sit by the side of the bed, and as near the pillow as possible, so that you may converse easily, while your face and body are turned in the same direction as his. By this means, you can make all necessary observation of his features without enforcing the arrest of his eyes to your own, which is so embarrassing and disagreeable to one lying in bed, and is almost unavoidable when facing him. Keep him in as comfortable a position as possible, by all means, but don't be too demonstrative in smoothing the pillows and little offices of that sort. Fidgety attentions will worry him, and do him more harm than downright neglect.

When you are sleepy, it is better for your charge, as well as for yourself, that you should go to bed at once, and get that repose in slumber to which you *must* succumb eventually, however strong your devotion may be, and however great the interests at stake. It is not necessary to dwell here on the prudence of economising your strength, that you may be capable of greater or prolonged exertions, should the need for them arise, or to look at this detail from the point of view which affects yourself. But, in any case, you can be of little or no service, worn out with fatigue, and in a condition more akin to somnambulism than vigilance, and the spectacle of a nodding, dozing nurse is neither soothing nor reassuring to the sufferer; while, if you be one near and dear to him, he will be tormented with anxiety lest you should impair your own health on his account. In such a case as this, you cannot do better than lie down comfortably on a sofa or bed where he can watch you, and there have a good nap—for his sake.

Some people have a great notion of 'tempting the appetite' by the suggestion of all manner of eatables and drinkables, or by bringing them ready prepared to the bedside experimentally. This, no doubt, is very well at times—during convalescence, for instance; but, as a medical man, I am persuaded that it is a mistake in the earlier stages of an illness, when all food is loathed alike, and the creation of an appetite is an impossibility. The only thing to be done is to impress on the invalid the necessity of taking what is ordered for him at stated times, just as he takes his medicine; and it should be prepared on the same footing as a medicine—with the understanding that it is a nauseous dose, and must be presented in a form that will admit of its being swallowed as compactly and rapidly as possible. It is worse than useless to employ flavouring matters at this stage, with the idea of making anything palatable; if you can render his food absolutely tasteless, you will do far more for him. And beyond this forcible administration, so to speak, of a certain amount, I think little good is gained by suggesting this or that delicacy, in the hope that your patient may be induced to 'fancy' something. We may take it for granted that when he feels inclined for anything, he will ask for it spontaneously; and the promptings of nature are more likely to lead him to a choice of what is best for him, than our string of suggestions. I have frequently observed that when sick people have mentioned a desire for any special food, they almost invariably eat of it when it is procured; whereas it often happens, when they have been persuaded to assent to something which has been proposed,

the inclination—if it ever existed—has passed away before the dish or article can be brought to them.

I say, 'if it ever existed;' for there is no doubt that a patient often yields to suggestions in sheer extremity, simply for the sake of peace. I happened to be in a sick-room the other day, when a relative arrived on the scene. She had been warned to repress all emotion, and succeeded very well; but her tender solicitude was wholly irrepressible. I am sure that she asked at least twenty questions in less than a minute, until the unhappy sufferer writhed under them. 'Shall I raise your head a little? Will you have another pillow? Wouldn't you like your head a little higher? Let me fan you. Will you have the blind up? What can I get you? Some arrow-root? Do try some! I am sure you will be more comfortable with another pillow. Will you have one?—yes; do! I'll go and get one. Will you have a cup of tea? I'm sure it would do you good. A cup of tea won't take a minute,' &c. The cup of tea has been a dreadful instrument of torture in the hands of well-meaning people, who would not knowingly have teased a fly.

These are small things, you will say. But a small thing in health is often magnified to a grave matter in sickness, and the sum-total of them all may be as serious in their effect as the disease itself. It will be seen that the few points upon which I have laid stress are such as are calculated to promote tranquillity of mind—which, indeed, is half the battle in medical treatment. It is generally conceded that a trained nurse, who has no interest in the patient beyond that which the duties of her office impose, is better fitted to expedite his recovery than those who are bound to him by ties of affection, however welcome their presence may be in the hour of affliction. Whether the reader will agree with me, or not, is more than I can tell, but my experience in foreign countries has impressed me with the conviction that men make far better nurses than women.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FIRST PROOF.

'I SHOULD have thought, I should, that I was capable of this, at my time of life, and after cracking many a harder nut, to my fancy, than this one. Four times I've been packed off to Paris, and given satisfaction in every case; and there are old French friends of mine in the Rue Jérusalem who didn't seem to think me quite a greenhorn. No more did my Yankee brother-officers, t'other side of the ocean, appear to consider me quite in the light of a beginner. And yet, what have I done, down here in Devonshire, in all these weary weeks, but pick my employer's pocket and waste time! The mugs of cider and the pints of ale that I have stood for chance customers at wayside public, vex a man who remembers that nothing came of it but the emptiest of babbling talk. And the women were as bad as the men, every bit, though I put in their window-panes cheap, and mended their broken china for nothing; but what did I learn by it! Birch would have the laugh against me, only he writes

word that he has done no good in London, any more than I have in these out-of-the-way parts. Seems to me it's about time for me to give it up, and go back to town and my regular duties in the Force. In this Carew case, my usual luck seems to have left me quite.'

The soliloquist was a tall man, dressed in a slop suit of workman's clothes, and wearing a shapeless hat of soft felt. Seated on the parapet of a small stone bridge which spanned one of the countless streams of well-watered Devon, he was smoking a short pipe of blackened clay. There was something of military bearing about the man, which indicated to an observer of average acuteness the old soldier, gone back to the peaceful occupations of civil life. And indeed Sergeant Drew, of the metropolitan detectives, was competent, as his comrade Inspector Birch had said of him in the chambers of Mr Sterling the lawyer, to make an honest livelihood by more trades than one. In Devonshire, when sent down by Mr Sterling to make inquiries in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Carews, which might throw light on the case, the sergeant had thought it better to adopt the character of a wandering glazier, who, being a handy man, and having also served his time in a joiner's shop, was not above undertaking on low terms those jobs of repairing which in cottage homes and outlying farmhouses so often await, for months it may be, the arrival of some such roving mechanic. In that capacity, the experienced detective felt pretty sure of a welcome, with opportunities for gossip, wherever he went.

Nothing but disappointment as yet had attended the explorings of Sergeant Drew. He had mended broken windows, and repaired rotten sash-lines, and put on deficient door-handles, in the dilapidated Hall of Carew itself; but the caretakers to whom the great ruinous old house was left had apparently been selected from among the stupidest of the retainers of the decayed family, and had nothing to tell that was worth the hearing. Of course they recollected the two young ladies, the baronet's sisters, but they had nothing particular to say about either, excepting that a grand wedding had taken place at Carew, when Miss Clare married that rich young lord Leominster. As for the former servants, some of them were in London, under Sir Pagan's roof in Bruton Street; but most had set up in other lines of life than domestic servitude, and were married and settled in out-of-the-way hamlets, where the sergeant, in his unobtrusive fashion, sought them out, but without much result for his labours. Nobody seemed to have a word to say worth listening to.

Probably the shrewd policeman, when he took the mission upon him, had not made sufficient allowance for the dull, uninquisitive character of the bucolic mind. At anyrate, although by the exercise of his arts as glazier and carpenter, and by the genuine good-nature which he showed in attending to many a trifle not by any means connected with his ostensible handicraft, he won much personal popularity, as a sort of serviceable Ulysses in humble life, he picked up no information that was likely to benefit the case of his employer's client. Even the singular resemblance between Clare and Cora Carew, which had once been matter of local wonder, seemed to have almost faded out of the memories of the rustics

with whom the sergeant conversed, though, now and again, a flagging interest would revive in the recollection of some bygone mistake as to whether it were 'Miss Clare' or 'Miss Cora' who had done this or ordered that.

'There only was one person, since Lady Carew died, who really did know the two apart, and she must be main old now, since she left Sir Pagan's service, on account of the rheumatics and wages overdue, the very year old Sir Fulford died,' said one woman less Bæotian than the rest.

Skilful investigation elicited the fact that this was one Jane Dawson, who had been nurse to Lady Carew, had left her to be married, and had come back, an elderly widow, to be nurse to Clare and Cora.

'A moorlander she was—and lived at Monk's Hollow, beyond Charnbury, right in the heart of it'—meaning Dartmoor—his informant had said.

And now Sergeant Drew, his wallet of tools and his rack of window-glass on his shoulders, was trudging on foot along the rugged bridle-roads that led to Charnbury and Monk's Hollow, as his last chance.

The march to his destination, through the wild solitudes of Dartmoor, with its tors of naked stone cropping up at intervals above the rolling tablelands of endless heather, treacherous green mosses, and trickling streams, was not particularly pleasant, fine as was the steady weather of that mellow autumn. The sergeant had slept, as became a wandering glazier, not in the worst inn's worst room, but in a humble chamber on the second floor of the sprawling public-house of Charnford, and unless a moorland storm should set in, he might reasonably count on reaching Charnbury, and being thence directed to Monk's Hollow. Charnbury was reached at last; and after a period devoted to rest and food, the detective set off for Monk's Hollow, and found it, appropriately, in the shape of a deep dell, wherein, beside a brooklet, and amongst a labyrinth of holly-bushes, juniper, alder, and ash, stood a dozen of thatched tenements and two farmhouses, clustering around a wooden-steeped church, close to which still were visible certain fragments of gray masonry, ivy-clad, once a portion of some Cistercian cell. Mrs Dawson was easily found. She lived by herself, in one of the thatched and cob-walled tenements—so said a farming hind, across a gate, in answer to the sergeant's inquiry—that is, with only a slip of a grand-daughter along wi' her.'

Nurse Dawson—who was one of those pleasant-looking little old women whom we sometimes see in rural England, with soft wrinkled faces, that remind us of roasted apples, and with little beady eyes, that peered kindly at those who spoke to her—proved to possess a genuine interest in her nurslings; in 'sweet Miss Blanche Prideaux, my Lady Carew, when I passed into service with Sir Fulford,' first and foremost, and then 'Miss Clare' and 'Miss Cora.' 'I loved Miss Clare the best,' said the simple old soul. 'Miss Cora had her tricks, and was wayward, and would plague a poor old body like me. But dear Miss Clare was all good, like an angel.'

On this occasion, the sergeant was able to drop his assumed character of a glazier, and to announce

himself, not precisely as a policeman, but as a person intrusted with a mission, much to the ultimate advantage of Miss Clare that was, and a good deal, too, he hinted, to that of the giver of useful information. The point to be cleared up was, which was which, of the two young ladies.

'I never saw either of them,' said the detective frankly; 'but this I know, from the London lawyer who has sent me here—a gentleman, Mrs Dawson, who is very liberal, and minds a sovereign no more than you or I would a sixpence—that they are in two different places now, and there does depend very much on knowing one from the other. So I thought you, as a nurse of theirs'—

'I do know which is which, better even than their own dear mother, my Lady, my own dearest Miss Blanche, could have known one of her pretty ones from the other; for My Lady was seldom in the nursery, being ill and pining; and I was always there till they grew so tall, and My Lady was dead, and Sir Fulford dead too, and Sir Pagan having so little for himself, and all the servants without wages'—

It cost some trouble to bring nurse Dawson to the point of her evidence, which Sergeant Drew immediately reduced to writing, and which ran as follows:

'There is a mark about my Miss Cora by which I could swear to her anywhere. And this is the history of it. On that bitter cold winter's morning of the christening day, with a storm of snow and rain driving down from the tors, I was dressing the dear young things in the new white embroidered baby-clothes, by candle-light; and a candle—the nurse-girl, who was out of the room at the time, had stuck it in carelessly—fell out of the candlestick, and burned the poor baby's soft arm—Miss Cora's arm, it was—just inside the lower part of the wrist. How the poor wee thing cried; and how I kissed her, and how frightened I was! But it never was found out, never—though, of course, the poor hurt innocent was crying—fractious, as they thought—near all day. Never did I mention that accident to any living soul; first, for fear it should get me into trouble—a natural fear, sir, for one in my station, and who knew what was owing to her betters; and later on, my dear Lady Blanche being dead, and my other two grown up, I suppose I held my tongue because I had got to look on the candle business as something to be hushed up.'

'Yes; I am quite certain it was to Miss Cora that the accident happened. And on Miss Cora's wrist the mark was, last time I saw her, and won't go, I reckon, till her dying day. A little, dull, bluish-white mark, most like a very young moon, like a sickle, but straighter. My young lady, Miss Cora, I feel sure, never noticed it; nor yet did her sister, darling Miss Clare, for the mark was very small, and not disfiguring, and, except to a nurse's eye or a mother's, who knew how it came to be there— But it won't get me into trouble, sir, and bring me blame, after all these years, will it?' asked the old woman, tremblingly.

Soothing assurances that no one would dream of blaming her for an inadvertence of so many years ago—allusions to the advantage of 'Miss

Clare'—and the laying on the table of three golden sovereigns, persuaded the old woman, reluctantly and slowly, to affix her shaky signature to the written statement; having secured which, the sergeant took his leave cheerily, and armed with his first proof, made the best of his way, on foot and in hired gigs, across stony Dartmoor, and so by railway to London.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA AS A CAREER.

It has become a commonplace to speak of the fierceness of the competition for the means of existence nowadays; and the commonplace applies not only to the lower classes, where competition has taken definite form in the development of trades-unionism, but also to the great and varied mass that goes under the name of the middle classes, and even to the junior branches of the aristocracy. One hears on all sides of the difficulty which in 'this aged nation of ours,' as George Eliot used to call it, the majority of young men find in earning a livelihood. The professions are overstocked; and the competition in trade and the various avocations which are known vaguely as 'something in the City,' daily assume greater proportions. Emigration, no doubt, lies open to all; but experience has shown that emigration without capital, and very often with capital, means—besides the inevitable exile—drudgery and years of weary waiting for a success that at the best is always doubtful.

Under these circumstances, it may be worth while to try and spread a knowledge of the advantages of a career which, making every allowance for its drawbacks, is one of the greatest that, without capital, interest, and years of hope deferred, lies within reach of the educated and hardworking young Englishman—the Civil Service of India. The present time is one particularly appropriate for a consideration of this subject; for twenty-six years have now passed since the service was thrown open to competition; and the earliest of the *competition wallahs*, as they are called, are now either filling the highest posts in the government of our greatest dependency, or are retiring on their pensions.

No doubt, most of our readers are familiar with the general tenor of the regulations for obtaining appointments in the Indian Civil Service. But as these regulations are liable to change in important particulars—especially in the all-important particular of age—it may not be out of place to recapitulate them briefly here. The service, then, is recruited by means of a competitive examination, which is open to every natural-born subject of Her Majesty who fulfils the prescribed conditions as to age, character, &c., and pays the fee of five pounds. Unlike the Home Civil Service, no preliminary test examination has to be passed before the candidate is permitted to present himself at the competitive examination. This latter is held in the midsummer of each year, and lasts nearly three weeks. The number of appointments competed for necessarily varies according to the requirements of the service,

but is usually between thirty and forty; and the number of candidates varies from one hundred and sixty to two hundred. In the old days—that is, ten or twelve years ago—over three hundred candidates presented themselves for each examination; but the decline in the number of competitors does not represent any decline in the popularity of the service, and is probably ascribable to the lowering of the age. The next examination will take place in June 1884, and on that occasion competing candidates must have been over seventeen and under nineteen years of age on the 1st of next January. The subjects of the examination will be—English (Composition, History, and Literature), Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Logic, Political Economy, Sanscrit, and Arabic. The list is no doubt a formidable one; but though the examination is, outside the universities, the severest in the world, it owes its severity more to the keenness of the competition than to the character of its subjects, which are supposed to include none—with the exception of the last two—which do not enter into the education of an ordinary English gentleman. The successful candidates are further subjected to a strict medical examination, to insure that they have no disease or bodily infirmity unfitting them for the service; and should they prove to be as sound in body as accomplished in mind, they are declared 'selected candidates.' They do not, however, at once proceed to India, but enter on a period of probation, of which it is only necessary here to say that it extends over two years, and that, during that time, the candidates have to reside at a university, and pass three test examinations, and that they receive three hundred pounds in all from the government.

No greater mistake could be made than to take the subjects for the competitive examination as an indication of the kind of work which the Indian civilian will have to perform during the greater part of his career. The object of that examination is to select, as far as can be done by examination, those young men who are most proficient in the subjects taught at our great public schools; and, as competitive examinations have been, for good or evil, finally adopted as the order of the day, there can be no doubt that the object is a wise one. If, however, men were selected with special reference to the work which they will have to perform during the greater part of their career in India, it is probable that a knowledge of engineering, sanitary science, agriculture, elementary law and medicine, and a capacity to ride straight across country, would be of infinitely greater value than any amount of Greek and Latin. During the greater part of his career, the civilian, unless he is fortunate enough to get into the Secretariat in one of the government capitals, spends most of his time in an up-country station, where he is the dispenser of justice, the collector of revenue, the inspector of roads, canals, and various matters connected with his municipality, very often the detective who hunts up a case of murder or highway robbery. He is, in fact, a Jack-of-all-trades; or, to put it in more appropriate language, the *Sahib* who represents the great British *Raj*, as his predecessors of thirty years ago represented the famous association of merchants known to

the natives under the mystic name of 'John Company.'

It would require much more space than we have at our disposal to depict, even in a general manner, the lights and shadows of an Indian civilian's life. Like everything else in the world, it is a subject on which there is much variety of opinion. But leaving out of count for the moment the solid advantages of the career in the way of pay and pension, and the less solid advantages in the opportunities it gives for making a name, few who are acquainted with India will deny that the service possesses a great fascination for the typical English nature, owing to its powers and responsibilities, and even to its occasional loneliness and dangers.

At present, however, we shall only touch on the solid advantages of the career as estimated by its pay; and we are able to do this with more advantage than would have been possible hitherto, from information recently published in India. The pay of a young civilian begins on his arrival in India at about four hundred and eighty pounds per annum, and is materially increased on his passing his first language-examination in that country. After this, there is seldom any absolute uniformity in the pay of the civilians of the same standing. It must be remembered that, in India, a Civil servant does not necessarily perform the work of his own particular appointment—his substantive appointment, as it is called. This anomaly arises from the necessity of providing for the discharge of the duties of officers on leave. A, for instance, takes leave to England; B is thereupon told off to do his work; while C does B's work, and D does C's, and so on; and the pay of a Civil servant at any stated time will depend on two things—namely, on his rank in the service, and on the duties which he may chance to be discharging. After twenty-five years' service—during which time furlough to Europe, amounting in all to about six years, is allowed—the civilian is entitled to a pension of one thousand pounds a year. In that twenty-five years, as in a similar period of every career, there are, of course, times when advancement moves slowly, and times when it moves rapidly. A good deal was said, for instance, in the House of Commons, a few years ago, about the block of promotion then existing in the Madras Presidency; and we believe that measures have since been taken to better the condition of the Madras civilians.

For our present purpose, it may be most useful to consider, in a very general way, what has been the fate of those who went out to India in the earlier years of the competitive system, and who are now drawing near the close of their official career. Of the fifty-two officers who were appointed in the first three years 1856-8, twenty-six are still in the service, the rest having died or retired. The highest salary drawn by any *competition wallah* is that of Sir Charles Aitchison, who belonged to the first batch of men appointed, and who is now Lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, on a salary of about eight thousand three hundred pounds a year. Of the nine others appointed in the same year, two receive about four thousand pounds, three over three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. In the second year of the system twenty civilians were appointed, of whom eight still remain in the service; and of

these, one is receiving about four thousand pounds, one about three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. Of the eight men of the third year still remaining, three receive over three thousand five hundred pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds.

It will be seen from those figures that, as in every other walk of life, some have been more fortunate than others. But, generally speaking, it is considered that an average civilian receives one hundred and twelve rupees (eleven pounds four shillings) a month—when over twenty years' standing—for every year of service completed; and that a civilian may consider himself fortunate or unfortunate according as his salary ranges above or below that standard. In a pamphlet published lately on the subject by a high official in India, it is stated, that although forty-nine out of the one hundred and four men appointed between the years 1856 and 1860 have vanished by death or retirement from the lists of the service, yet the survivors have in every way justified the system under which they were selected, and those who organised it have every reason to be proud of its results.

POOR LITTLE LIFE.

IV.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed time next morning, the Durhams' carriage drove up to the door of the Immigration Office.

'You're exact to the minute, Sir George,' said Mr Campbell, looking at his watch, after having introduced him to Mr Buchanan, the Agent-general, a fair-haired youngish-looking man, dressed in a light alpaca jacket and a pith helmet.

Driving down to the Victoria Market, the party hailed a canoe, and under the skilful paddling of two sable boatmen, were soon under the *Hampshire's* bows. There she lay, like a weary creature, resting after her long and tedious voyage through the trackless seas.

'Never had a chance of sailing,' said the captain grumpily, when they had got on board; 'never got a wind the whole blessed time.'

The main hatch was open, and looking down through it, a strange sight met the visitors' eyes. A mass of naked limbs, thighs, and torsos, gleaming ivory teeth, soft jetty eyes—men, women, and children all salaaming together to the white faces peering through the hatches. The men were almost entirely nude; their sole garment was a white *babba* wound round their loins. The women were more decently draped in a couple of pieces of calico, the one surrounding the limbs, the other the head and chest.

'Before I call the roll, Sir George,' said the Agent-general, 'would you like to go below and get a nearer view of this human menagerie?'

The baronet acquiesced.

'Captain Grimsby and I have some papers to look over; but the second-mate will go with you, and you'll find me on the quarter-deck when you come up.'

'Many deaths this voyage?' asked Mr Campbell, as they descended the rickety ladder.

'Fifteen all told.'

'A considerable number.'

'Yes, sir. But I never saw such a set as them Coolies. When they think they're sick, they die off just like a pack of monkeys.'

'Any births?'

'Plenty, sir,' replied the mate, cheering up. 'Five in all. We had one the very night before we came into Kingston Harbour.—Take care of your heads, gentlemen. One step more. Here you are! Plenty of light, you see, when your eyes get accustomed to the darkness!'

And when their eyes did get accustomed to the twilight gloom, a very curious scene met their view. They could see from one end of the ship to the other. The main-deck had been entirely given up to the accommodation of its living freight.

Following their guide, Sir George and Mr Campbell proceeded to thread their way amongst the crowd. Children gambled around them, came and touched their hands, their clothes, their umbrellas. Women held up their babies to be admired, then salaamed to the ground, touching their feet, and then their own heads, with every token of courteous oriental abasement. Many of the men were models for the sculptor, and one or two of the children were really pretty. But the women, with the exception of a few young girls of sixteen or seventeen, were squat and ungainly, and both in figure and feature formed a striking contrast to the men. Both sexes, however—from motives either of vanity or religion—appeared to have done their best to disfigure themselves. Many of the women had the half of their brows and the partings of their hair stained with vermilion; whilst the majority of the men had shaved either the whole or a portion of their heads.

Each man, woman, and child wore suspended from the neck a tin medal, on which his or her number was stamped. Several of the women were gorgeously adorned with bangles and anklets, necklaces, nose and ear rings. One woman had sixteen silver bracelets on her arm, which had been fastened on when she was a child, and had now eaten into her flesh. Two fair-skinned bright little sisters of thirteen or fourteen wore round their fat arms what looked like silver napkin rings, on either side of which the plump flesh protruded painfully.

On the beams and pillars of their saloon were suspended their pipes and their drums—their *hubble-bubbles* and their *tum-tums*. Mugs, old tins, and platters were rolling about on the ground. A tall sirdar in red jacket was distributing *chupatties*—thin flour scones—which the children, true to their instincts, greedily snatched and devoured. The men, crouched in idle attitudes, and the women stretched on the ground in every variety of easy and graceful pose, were less active in appropriating their share of the viands.

Amidst these motley groups were one or two sick people. A man who had fallen from deck and broken his leg, was stretched out, bandaged up with splints; and on a filthy blanket lay another poor fellow, whose emaciated frame, and bones protruding through the skin, showed only too distinctly that he never would cross the

kala pani (black water) again. No one seemed to trouble himself with him, or pay him the least attention. And indeed, he looked as if he were even now heedless of human care.

Suddenly the boatswain's pipe was heard summoning a general muster. In an instant the whole saloon was alive. Mothers and sisters seized hold of naked boys and girls, draped the one with *babbus*, and the other in sheets like grave-clothes. Then proceeding to make their own toilet, they swathed themselves in folds of pink muslin, bought for them in Calcutta, against this the day of their going ashore. Each man seized his *hubble-bubble* and his *tum-tum*. Each woman made up her little bundle of everyday attire. Then with her naked pickaninny astride on her hip, and perhaps a couple more hanging on by the skirts of her garment, she ascended the ladder to present herself and her offspring before the inspecting officer.

In the meantime, the deck had been roped off, and chairs and a table brought out for the use of Mr Buchanan and his clerks. Round the Agent-general's table clustered several planters, who, like Mr Campbell, had come on board to receive the Coolies allotted to them. As each man or woman came forward, they criticised his or her muscular development in very much the same manner as of old they used to do their slaves.

'On the whole, a goodish lot,' said Mr Campbell to the baronet, when his quota was made up. 'There are one or two not much worth. Look at that second fellow from the end. He don't look strong enough to handle a hoe. But that's a sturdy wench next him; look at her arms. I hope they'll behave themselves, I'm sure. They need a deal of humouring when they are landed first. They're just like bairns, Sir George, and have to be treated accordingly. It's hard work, I can assure you, keeping your temper when you see these great men and women, who ought to be attending to their work, throwing wooden images of Lukki, the goddess of Fortune, into the river, or wreathing a white goat with flowers, and then cutting off its head in honour of Káli, the goddess of Destruction.—Well, I think we've seen all that there is to be seen, so we'd better be off, and leave Mr Buchanan to his work.—I'll send my overseer for the lot,' added the Scotchman, addressing the Agent-general, 'in the afternoon.'

V.

A day or two afterwards, as the young baronet was leaving his room to join his cousins over their early coffee, he heard the girls laughing in the piazza above him.

'Here's Cousin George!' cried Sibyl, rushing to the top of the staircase to meet him, and holding up her rosy mouth for her morning kiss. 'Let's ask his advice.'

'Come along, George!' cried Evelyn, flourishing a letter in her hand. 'We want your opinion.—Eleanor, pour out his coffee for him; he likes it sweet, with plenty of hot milk.—Here's old Nana—our old nurse, you know—has got a letter from her grand-daughter, who lives in another part of the island called Manchester, asking her to go and stay with her; and the old lady can't

make up her mind, and wants us to make it up for her. Please take the letter and read it for yourself, and then you can tell us what you think.'

George did so, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER—Your having resided in Kingston has hindered me from writing to you as often as I could wish. However, I now embrace this opportunity, trusting what I have to say may approve your aged mind. I have considered your diminishing age has rendered you the greatest inconvenience of life, although your manners of situation would no doubt arise diversify of an opinion in mind. I am sorry to say," continued George, "your ever anxious to see your only Charlotte are ever deferred." 'The grammar's a little mixed at this passage. However, to proceed: "And as I cannot tell when it will be in this respect, it is my earnest endeavour to promote myself in the branches of usefulness, while it is the greatest joy of my father to see me wise and happy."

'Pon my word,' remarked George, 'this young lady seems to have a very good conceit of herself.'

"Our lives so uncertain," continued the mis-sive, "that I cannot lost the present. Although he has not the means, yet he is willing to see me as already stated. I will not leave to say that I was baptised on the first sabbath in June; so now I am a member of the church whose pastor is Rev. Isaac Parker, of which I trust it won't be little joy in your hope and felicity are centred. My dear mother, if your wish are still so great, do, my dear, come up to live and die with me. Look not on what you possess. Care not for house and home, but remember you are decreasing every day, and disadvantage is before you. Therefore I beseech you, answer to my request. Be to my desire: hoping when this reach your lovely hands."

'Nana's lovely hands!' shouted Sibyl. 'Oh, you should see them, Cousin George; they're like the claws of some old monkey!'

'Hush, Sib; let me finish:

"When this reach your lovely hands, it may find you and all friends in health, as it leaves me at present. I am your unfeigned and affectionate
CHARLOTTE."

'Well,' said George, handing the letter back to Evelyn, 'all I can say is, that if I were Nana, I should think twice before I went to live and die with such a superior young person. She'd soon be the death of me, with her long words and her learning.'

'That's what education has done for the negroes,' said Evelyn. 'I don't think Nana appreciates all her grand-daughter's accomplishments. You see she is what the negroes call an "old-time somebody." She was an old slave of my father's. But she would not leave the family at abolition, and she still retains all the feelings of her class. Her son, however, is different. He belongs to the new school, and the result is—his precious daughter Charlotte. But I don't think Charlotte's education will advance much further; she's engaged to be married to a young drayman in Manchester; and I daresay, after marriage, she'll

give up all her learning, just as ladies give up the piano.'

'Ask Evelyn to show you some of Captain Hillyard's letters to her,' added Sibyl maliciously. 'It would be good fun comparing them.—Wouldn't it, Cousin George?'

'Sibyl!' said Evelyn threateningly, but blushing all the while.

'Well, he does write to you, Evelyn,' pursued the child. 'You know he does; and you know you like him too,' she added.

'Oh, there can be no doubt she is very fond of him,' said Eleanor, with an air of the most aggravating candour.

'Captain Hillyard is certainly very amusing,' said Evelyn, partially recovering her composure, 'which is more than can be said of all the Governor's guests.'

VL

It was a trifling incident, but it set George a-thinking. The subject occupied his thoughts during the whole of the morning. He was conscious that this incident of Captain Hillyard's letters possessed an interest for him, for which his cousinship to Evelyn was no sufficient justification. He could not conceal from himself that the children's malicious remarks had caused him infinite annoyance. He was forced to admit that when Sibyl had spoken of Evelyn's correspondence with Captain Hillyard, she had sent a kind of stab through his heart. But, after all, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? And if, as Eleanor had added, she liked him—what then? What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? He was her cousin, to be sure, her nearest male relation, and as such, and also as head of her family, deeply concerned in her happiness. He was certainly fond of her too—in a brotherly, cousinly, family sort of a way, of course. She was one of the nicest girls he knew—bright, happy, guileless, unsophisticated, and very pretty too; there could be no doubt of that. All that assuredly made him deeply interested in her fortune. But could it account for those feelings of irritation—to call them by the mildest term—with which he had received his impish little cousins' mischievous intelligence? Clearly, it could not. For, after all, he repeated, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? He had not seen much of him; but the little he had, had impressed him not unfavourably. He was amusing enough in his way. For a soldier, he was certainly clever—better educated, too, on the whole, than men of his profession sometimes were. He was the nephew, or the cousin—at anyrate some near relation of the Governor's. His prospects were good. He would probably be a governor himself some day. He would be no unsuitable match for Evelyn. 'I'll discover whether she really likes him; because, if she's only taking her fun out of the fellow, that's right enough. But I'm certain these chits meant to imply that there was something more serious between them. And if there is, I suppose, as Evelyn's cousin, I'd have something to say to the match.' And then he fell a-dreaming, as young men with plenty of money and no particular occupation are liable, perhaps even entitled, to do—dreaming of Deep-

dale and the Castle, and his mother, and his future, and a wife—who, somehow, always bore an extraordinary resemblance to Evelyn—who looked with her eyes, spoke with her voice, and went about the panelled halls and wide stone terraces of his ancestral home with her peculiar grace and gesture.

'The plague's in the girl!' he said angrily, as the dressing-bell rang forth from the piazza, warning him to bring his ablutions to a close. 'She's somehow or other got into my head, and I can't get her out of it. I remember one of the last things my mother said to me—it was the night before I left Deepdale, I recollect—was to be sure not to take a wife of the daughters of Heth. It was her way, I suppose, of warning me not to marry a nigger. I can't say, so far as I've gone, that I have been exposed to any temptation. These two Jewish girls I met at the Governor's the other night were pretty enough. By-the-by, I thought Hillyard showed that youngest one a good deal of attention. But I have not seen a girl in Jamaica yet—and very few out of it—that could hold a candle to Evelyn in point of looks. She certainly is uncommonly pretty—twice as pretty as when she used to come down to us at Deepdale. I know my mother used to admire her then, and like her too! Yes; she used to be very fond of little Evie; and so was my father. I wonder if my mother would consider Evelyn one of the daughters of Heth!'

THE CRATER OF PICHINCHA.

THE following interesting sketch of an ascent to the crater of Pichincha is from the note-book of a young English engineer, who has recently returned home after a six years' residence in South America.

Pichincha is a lofty volcano situated in close proximity to the city of Quito, the capital of the republic of Ecuador, South America. Its height above the sea is estimated at fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet, or about six thousand three hundred and fifty-five feet higher than the city of Quito, which is seated at an altitude of nine thousand five hundred and ten feet. Humboldt tells us that he was twice at the mouth of this crater, and goes on to say: 'I know of no one but Condamine who ever reached it, and he was without instruments, and could not stay above a quarter of an hour, on account of the extreme cold. I was more successful. From the edge of the crater rise three peaks, which are free from snow, as it is continually melted by the ascending vapour. At the summit of one of these I found a rock that projected over the precipice, and hence I made my observations. This rock was about twelve feet long by six broad, and was strongly agitated by frequent shocks, of which we counted eighteen in less than half an hour. The mouth of the volcano forms a circular hole, a league in circumference, the perpendicular edges of which are covered with snow on the top. The inside is of a deep black; and I have no doubt that the bottom of the crater is on a level with the city of Quito. Condamine found it extinct, and even covered with snow; but we had to report the unpleasant

news that it was burning. On my second visit, being furnished with far better instruments, I found the diameter of the crater to be sixteen hundred yards, whereas that of Vesuvius is but six hundred and seventy yards.'

Humboldt's 'eighteen shocks in less than half an hour' need excite no surprise, when we remember that throughout this region the mighty and irresistible subterranean 'fire-king' seems to reign supreme, and earthquake shocks are so common that the people seem to heed them but little, notwithstanding the terrible facts that in 1795 a fearful earthquake, doing an enormous amount of damage, occurred here; and another two years later, which was so appalling in its destructive powers, that it is said forty thousand persons perished in a few minutes; that the ground opened in all directions, throwing out sulphur, boiling water, and mud; and that the face of the country was changed in consequence. And yet the denizens of Quito, in spite of these visitations, are a gay, light-hearted people, much given to amusement and pleasure, never appearing to recollect the awful 'mine' lying beneath their feet, which at any moment, and without the least warning, may hurl both city and citizens into eternity.

During my stay in Quito, and just after Christmas 1873, three friends and myself resolved to make a trip of inspection to the great crater of this volcano, a spot rarely visited even by natives, and still more rarely by Europeans. Our party consisted of a German engineer, two English merchants, and myself.

The journey to the crater of Pichincha can be done, I believe, there and back in one day. As, however, we wished to reach the crater as early as possible in the morning, we started the afternoon before, leaving Quito at three p.m. About half an hour after leaving Quito, we reached the village of Madalena, small, straggling, and very dirty; and in riding through it, the few houses appear resting on the tops of the hedges, because the road between the fields lies at a very low level. Leaving this village, we took a road on our right, and then began to ascend, and continued to do so for an hour, the road becoming worse and worse as we proceeded, till at length we passed through a gap in the western Cordillera and began to descend on the other side. Half an hour's ride over a very rough and dangerous road, and we reached the bottom; then a trot along a pretty winding lane, both sides of which were covered with flowering bushes, brought us to a farm belonging to a Society of Nuns at Quito, where we had determined to sleep.

The manager of this farm, a stout, thick-set, burly-looking fellow, came out to greet us, and we asked if we could stay there for the night. He answered pleasantly enough, 'Certainly.' But we knew well it was no use asking for sleeping accommodation, for they never have any in these places. The hill-farms of this country are, as a rule, the most miserable, dreary-looking places it is possible to conceive, without the smallest attempt at external ornament, or even common cleanliness. We obtained, with some difficulty, sufficient fodder for our horses; our own food, fortunately, we had brought with us. After supper, therefore, we proposed to 'retire for

the night;' when the manager gave us a number of not overclean sacks, and some cow-hides, not too fragrant, to lie upon, and showed us into a large place, which might have been used in England as a barn, provided it had been a little cleaner; and here, with the sacks and cowskins, together with the rugs we had brought with us, we made our 'beds,' if they could be dignified with that name. Although we all lay down, we did not go to sleep, for we were a jovial party, and overflowing with animal spirits; and with English glees and German *Volkslieder*, two hours quickly passed, when we almost involuntarily exchanged the land of song for the realms of Momus.

The night was bitterly cold, and we found to our cost that our good 'mother Earth' makes but a hard bed even with such additional 'luxuries' as old sacks and ill-smelling cowhides. We were not sorry, therefore, when it was time to be astir; and remembering that a long climb was before us, we were ready for a start by four o'clock a.m. But here came a serious difficulty: we could get no fresh horses. We might almost have expected this, for the people of this country have a trick of making the fairest promises without the smallest intention of carrying them out. The old rascal the manager would not stir, but merely made endless excuses for not providing the horses as promised; and so, finding that arguments, and even offers of money in payment, were alike in vain, and that we were only losing precious time, we were obliged, however unwillingly, to continue the journey on the same horses we had ridden the previous day. At five o'clock, the guide arrived, and we at last got off about half an hour before daylight.

It was at first so dark that we could only just manage to see the outlines of the guide's figure; and, as I was deputed to take the front place, I had the greatest difficulty to keep him in sight. In a few minutes we entered a thick wood, and found the road slippery and very steep, it being now all uphill. Shortly we reached the bed of a small stream, which is indeed our 'road.' With various adventures, more or less exciting to us, we push on, upwards and still upwards. The day is breaking, and the higher we climb the greater becomes the cold. An hour after starting we emerged from the wood, and came out into broad daylight. The road through the long dried grass was so dreadfully steep, that we had to go from side to side, fifty yards to the left, fifty to the right, to make any headway at all. Fortunately, the ground was very dry, and the horses did not slip so much as they had done. About half-way up, we began to feel the wind that always prevails at these high elevations, and which was intensely cold, dry, and cutting. This was especially noticed by two Spanish scientists who, many years ago, were stationed on the mountain for the purpose of making astronomical observations. They found the wind so intensely keen, and blowing with such extreme violence that it was impossible to keep it out of their hut, although every crevice was closely stopped. Added to this, they were in constant fear of their hut being blown over the precipice, or demolished by large masses of rock, which were often dislodged from above, and came thundering down the mountain sides; and their discomforts were sorely increased

by thick fogs and constant heavy storms of hail and snow.

About nine A.M. we arrived within three hundred yards of the crater. As our horses were suffering much from difficulty of breathing, in consequence of the extreme lightness of the air, and were thoroughly exhausted by the constant climbing, we determined to dismount and secure them behind some large rocks, out of the way of the wind, which now assailed us in all its terrific force, freezing every drop of water in the hollows of the rocks, and cutting into our skins as if with the edge of a razor.

The day now began to grow pale, gray, and chilly, which did not tend to create much warmth of feeling or hilarity of spirits. Our German friend remarked that it was 'certainly very creditable to be cheerful at all under these very trying circumstances.' Having prepared ourselves for the further ascent by strengthening the inner man, we now commenced our journey to the crater on foot. But the great difficulty of breathing which we now experienced was so distressing, that we were obliged to halt at almost every ten yards to recover our breath. The wind—which chilled us to the very marrow, when sitting still in the saddle—was now far less painful, because we were necessarily warmed by the exertion of walking up the very steep and rough ascent. The last few hundred yards to the crater are all pounce and gravel, which, when it rains, must be ankle deep in mud and slush; but now, of course, it was all frozen hard.

After a tedious and most tiring ascent, we at length reached the top, that is, the edge of the crater, a large flat ledge about fifteen or twenty yards wide. Passing this inwards, we were instantly aware of a strong sulphurous smell which saluted our nostrils; but it was only for a few minutes. On passing below the level of this ridge inside, all was calm, and a genial warmth prevailed, reminding one of an English summer's day. Here and there, screened from the force of the wind, and cherished by the warmth of the crater, we observed a small plant growing without any flower, but covered with a kind of snow-white moss, which gave it a very singular and unique appearance.

We now came in sight of the actual crater; but the view of the interior was sadly obscured by the clouds of vapour which are continually arising and hovering over this fearful boiling caldron. Dr Stübel, the German geologist, lived on this spot for a fortnight, patiently awaiting an opportunity to sketch the crater; and during that time he had only two intervals, of an hour and a half each, during which he was enabled to do so. This gentleman afterwards told me that from his measurements he found the crater to be six hundred metres, or nineteen hundred and seventy-five feet, in depth.

The inside of the crater is very steep; and enormous stones are constantly being loosened from the summit. Some of these roll down into the mouth, increasing their speed as they go, until they acquire a furious and terrible velocity, flying over frightful precipices, and dashing themselves to pieces against the rocks below; whilst the sound of others, continuing their rattling headlong course, might be heard for two minutes. We

had now descended very cautiously about two hundred yards into the crater; but the constant fall of these formidable stones caused us considerable alarm, and required us to move with the greatest caution, for we were in continual danger of being crushed or struck by a falling fragment. One large stone about three feet in diameter passed, in its downward flight, so close to the head of one of our party, that he declared he felt the 'wind' of it quite plainly. Here—with intervals of awfully impressive silence between—we heard, seemingly beneath our feet, a distant hollow rumbling sound like the roaring of the sea. It was the terrible volcano burning and seething far below us, and vomiting forth its lava; and from this horrible pit came up, stronger than ever, the smell of sulphur. We altered our positions many times; but, like Dr Stübel, we failed to obtain a clear or really satisfactory view down into the crater, on account of the continued smoke, mist, and cloud with which the whole interior was filled. The air, too, was so highly impregnated with the suffocating fumes of sulphur, that it had become painfully unpleasant; and therefore, thinking we had descended to a sufficient depth, prudence suggested a halt, and we determined to return. We therefore, though reluctantly, commenced the difficult task of ascending out of the crater, which we found more trying than we had expected; for we could not take more than a dozen steps without stopping for breath. By the time we reached the summit, we were all exhausted, and suffering much from tightness of the chest and distressed breathing; but a short rest in the fresh keen upper air restored us. We were so much restored that we could not resist the 'compliments of the Christmas season' by engaging in a few rounds of snow-balling on the edge of the crater.

On passing the ridge, and once more getting fairly outside, the wind again assailed us with all its icy fury, cutting into our cheeks and eyes and numbing our fingers. We therefore hurried down as fast as we could to the rocks where we had left the horses. Here we quickly mounted, and sped down the descent at a good rattling pace.

Fortunately for us, the clouds now lifted, the sun shone forth in all his splendour; and hill and dale, mountain and valley, stood out with a distinctness and beauty almost indescribable. The view, vast and extensive, was infinitely grand and striking, never to be forgotten, and well worth coming this distance, and facing the lancet-like wind, to witness. We had before us—lying at our feet—five separate valleys, dotted about on their sides and hollows with villages and farms; each valley having a snow-water stream running through the midst of it from the mountains above. Mountains and hills seemed to be piled in endless confusion on every side, amongst which were visible nine separate peaks capped with eternal snows. Two only of these nine were smoking—namely, Cotopaxi, fifty miles distant, and the one we had just left. It was a sight perfectly unique, magnificently beautiful, and almost startling in its overpowering vastness. It exhibited 'the fair face of nature' in one of her wildest, grandest, and most exalted of moods.

Having once more arrived at the farm, we

dismounted, to feed the horses. At two o'clock P.M., after a little rough and ready refreshment, we made a start for our final descent and return home. We got over the bad roads without much difficulty, and in due time managed to reach Quito, tired and hungry, but delighted with the success of our expedition.

POETS' PETS.

WHETHER Shakspeare ever cherished any animal pet, we do not know. He has been accused of not sufficiently appreciating the worth of the most companionable of animals, the dog. But that really says nothing. We are not aware that Dryden lauded the dog in verse, ample reason as he had for so doing. Waylaid by five footpads, the poet allowed himself to be robbed of everything else; but when they would have taken his mother's locket, he cried: 'Catch the rascals, Dragon—catch them!' and fled, leaving the brave hound to settle matters with the robbers unassisted. Finding some wood-cutters at an ale-house, he persuaded them to go back with him, and met his faithful Dragon coming slowly along, bleeding from wounds too many to count—wounds of which he died a few weeks later; his mourning master's only consolation being that two of the rogues were caught and hanged.

Queen Elizabeth's godson, Sir John Harrington, poet, courtier, and statesman, who owned to having spent his time, his fortune, and almost his honesty, to buy shallow praise, false hopes, and false friends, had one true friend in his oddly named Bungey, whose portrait graces the title-page of Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*. Bungey often travelled between his master's house at 'the Bath' and Greenwich Palace, carrying safely to court whatever was committed to his care. Harrington, courtier-like, says that if he did not, like Alexander's horse, bear a great Prince on his back, he often bore the words of a greater Princess on his neck. One day, two 'charges' of sack were confided to Bungey for conveyance. On the way, the cordage slackened; but, equal to the emergency, the dog hid one flask among some rushes, carried the other to its destination between his teeth, and then fetched the hidden one. Once he disappeared for six weeks, much to his master's wonder and grief. Some one told Sir John that his favourite was in the possession of the Spanish ambassador, and he lost no time in putting in an appearance and his claim. The Spaniard affected to doubt Harrington's right to Bungey; whereupon he told the dog to fetch a pheasant out of a dish on the table—an order Bungey immediately obeyed; and then, at his master's bidding, he returned it to the dish again, and went home with Sir John. This clever dog would seem to have had a presentiment of coming death. 'As we travelled towards the Bath,' says Harrington, 'he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice than what I had observed for some time back; and after my chiding his disturbing my passing forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.'

In a letter to a friend, Pope says: 'As it is

likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shape. He is not much of a spaniel in his fawning, but has—what it might be worth any man's while to imitate him in—a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree. He lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk—which is more than many friends can pretend to; witness our walk a year ago in St James's Park.' When Pope lost his little companion, he at first thought to place a monument over his remains, inscribed 'O rare Bounce!' but relinquished the idea, possibly thinking of Ben Jonson's epitaph, and seeing the extravagance of putting a spaniel on all-fours with a poet. Another poet did worse when he made regret for a lost pet an excuse for libelling his own kind, as Wolcot, when he penned these lines:

Here rest the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He banned no set, but calmly gnawed his bone;
Performed his functions well in every way—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

In the same spirit, Byron extolled his beloved Newfoundland as possessing beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of Man, without his vices. Mrs Byron's Gilpin was probably at one time of a different opinion, since Boatswain never missed an opportunity of worrying him; so that when the latter was left in charge of the poet's mother, she thought it advisable to send her own pet to Newstead, out of harm's way. Soon afterwards, Boatswain was missing for several hours; and when he returned, he brought Gilpin with him, led him to the kitchen fire, lavishing upon him every possible token of affection; and from that time forth the two were the best of friends, and Boatswain had but to hear Gilpin's voice raised in distress, to fly to the rescue. He was but five years old in November 1808, when his master wrote: 'Boatswain is dead! He expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything, except old Murray.' Byron was unlucky with his pets; his bull-mastiff Nelson, escaping from the house unmuzzled, fastened upon a horse by the throat; and paying no attention to whacks from sticks and whips, did not let go his hold till he was shot through the head.

Death came as suddenly though not so deservedly to Luath, the famous collie of the Ayrshire Bard—

A gash and faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his huries wi' a swirl.

If he made friends everywhere, poor Luath had been unfortunate enough to make an enemy

somewhere, for he was wantonly killed the night before Burns's father died. To confer such immortality as it was in his power to bestow on his old companion, the poet indited *The Two Dogs*, making Luath hold strange converse with an imaginary Caesar. He touched a sadder string in the unco' mournful tale of the accidental strangling of his only pet ewe, Mailie, a sheep of sense, so attached to her owner, that

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could desery him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

Of Scott's dogs and Cowper's hares sufficient has been said and written; but Cowper had other pets besides Puss, Tiney, Bess, and his spaniels Beau and Marquis. He owned a cat sedate and grave, addicted to retiring into strange nooks to sit and think:

I know not where she caught the trick;
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her
In such a mould philosophique,
Or else she learned it of her master.

This habit all but brought upon her the fate of the heroine of the *Mistletoe Bough*; for the poet, one night, roused from his bed by an inexplicable scratching and a melancholy mew, explored his sleeping-quarters, and discovered puss shut up in the top drawer of a tall chest, whence she emerged, modest, sober, and cured of all her 'notions hyperbolical.' A few pigeons, and a couple of goldfinches, Tom and Dick, made up the roll of Cowper's pets; goldfinch Dick being the subject of the little poem entitled *The Faithful Bird*, relating how he escaped from his cage, but finding Tom could not follow his example, he 'a prison with a friend preferred to liberty without,' and made no use of the freedom he had won.

Mrs Barrett Browning thus sang of her doves:

On my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
Their eager eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fastened upwardly to mine.

But her pet of pets was a dog with dark-brown body, silver-suited breast, and eyes of hazel bland, her peerless Flush, of whom his fond mistress wrote:

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed,
Day and night unwearied;
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Writing to a friend of a visit paid her by Miss Mitford and her favourite Flush, Mrs Browning said: 'Never in the world was such another dog as my Flush! Just now, because, after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say: "Now, it's my turn; you are not at all busy now!" He understands everything, and would not disturb me for the world.' Adding, with fine consideration for Miss Mitford's feelings: 'Do not tell Miss Mitford, but her Flush is not to be compared

to mine, is quite animal and dog-natural, and incapable of my Flush's hypercritical refinement. There is not such a dog in the world as he is, I must say it again, and never was, except the one Plato swore by. I talk to him just as I should do to any reasoning animal on two legs, the only difference being that he has four superfluously.'

Charles Lamb once owned a dog, presented to him by Hood, that he might not be companionless in the long morning walks he indulged in, when emancipated from Leadenhall Street and its uncongenial desk-work. Dash's habits were extravagantly erratic, and the source of much perplexity to his supposed master. He went scouring streets and roads beyond Lamb's ken, leaving him in a fever of irritation lest the animal should get lost, while he had not the heart to curb his spirits. Regent's Park was Dash's favourite goal, and for that reason, thither did Lamb oftenest wend his way. No sooner was the park gained, than Dash vanished, well aware his master would not dare to stir from the spot until he chose to return. At last Lamb's patience gave way, and he transferred his troublesome friend to Mr Patmore. But he did not forget him. Writing to Patmore, he sent his love to Dash, and affecting anxiety respecting his sanity, said: 'Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St Luke's with him. Try him with hot water; if he won't lap it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? Is his general deportment cheerful? Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. You might pull out his teeth if he would let you, and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite; he would be like a fool kept in the family to keep the household in good-humour with their own understandings.' If Mr Patmore had the slightest suspicion all was not right with Dash, he was told to clap a muzzle on him, and lead him in a string to Hood's house, where he would be taken in at any time. Patmore replied that he found Dash the best-behaved of his species; but Lamb was not tempted to take him back again.

Some of the minor poets of our day have been notable petters of animals. Mrs Kingsley tells us that the Rector of Eversley's horse was his friend, and knew it. His Scotch terrier Dandy, after attending school lessons and cottage lectures, and accompanying his master regularly in his parish walks for thirteen years, was laid under the firs on the rectory lawn, beside Sweep the retriever, and a 'Teckel' of the Queen's presenting, with whom his attached master sat up during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's life. Charles Kingsley delighted too in cats, the stable never lacking its white cat, or the house its black or tabby one. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter-toads, which lived on from year to year in the same hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. A pair of sand-wasps—one of which had been saved from a watery death in a hand-basin by the tender-hearted rector—lived in a crack of his dressing-room window; and every spring he looked eagerly for their advent. A little

fly-catcher that built every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him; and he rejoiced in a favourite slow-worm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were specially enjoined not to kill. Believing, like Wesley, in a future state for animals, Kingsley loved every creature that draws breath, barring the spider; to that he owned an antipathy he could neither conquer nor understand.

Mortimer Collins was also a man of many animal friends. He would stop in his work to stroke the head—protruded to invite the caress—of the tortoise on his writing-table. It amused him when his owls in the garden woke up suddenly in the night, and hooted in all sorts of keys, until they brought their like from the woods to join company and add to the din. He delighted in seeing his white rats sit on his wife's hand, and play tricks with her finger-nails; and when 'Mrs Blackbird' was sitting on her nest, he never failed to give her a call and stroke her glossy feathers—a liberty she never resented, knowing her visitor had no designs upon her eggs. One morning, a robin flying into the book-room, half-stunned itself against the window. The little intruder was taken up tenderly, coaxed to drink a little water, and put out on the grass. This treatment quickly brought the dazed bird round, and from that time it was on the most intimate terms with its rescuer, making itself free of the house, hopping over the poet's manuscript, perching on his knee, and accompanying him on his morning stroll.

But the chief members of the family circle at 'the Cottage,' after the master and mistress, were Growl, Fido, and Big-dog. The first-named was a Scotch terrier with a propensity for attacking the Thames swans, and of a bellicose turn out of all proportion to his dimensions. For some piece of impertinence, he once got such a shaking from Big-dog, that he was only resuscitated by a copious administration of port wine; but for all that, he never failed to greet the approach of his punisher with a provocative growl. Fido, a blue Skye, was the gift of Dr Allon, who parted with him because his jealous temper impelled him to bite a newly-come baby. Fido is described as the most excitable, most irritable, most affectionate dog in the world; 'always in extremes, either barking in exuberant joy, or looking at you with great melancholy brown eyes, that seem as if they belonged to an imprisoned spirit. It has been said of some dogs that they can do everything but talk; Fido does talk. We know what he means as well as possible. He has particular expressions for everything he wants.'

The pride of the household was a mighty Pyrenean wolf-hound, found nearly dead in a ditch by a poor half-witted fellow, who gladly resigned him to Mortimer Collins until his owner should claim him. That never came to pass, and his new proprietor adopted Big-dog, as he was called in default of knowing his proper name, and kept him near him while working, thinking, and dreaming. Collins was rather proud of the fact that his favourite had thrashed every dog within a few miles; but averred that he was a most courteous and chivalric dog, who, when walking out with ladies, treated them as if he were *prenx chevalier*. Mrs Collins says: 'He was

curiously like his master in character; he had mighty strength, and yet such gentle, loving ways;' and she relates with evident appreciation, how a Berkshire labourer, as Mortimer Collins and Big-dog passed by him, exclaimed: 'You be a pair, you be!' Somebody once suggested sending the hound to a dog-show, a proposition at which his master was very indignant. 'As if,' said he, 'any dog of ours should be tied up, or caged for an hour, or subjected to the impatient gaze of visitors. We could no more send a dog of ours to a show, than submit to be exhibited in a man-show ourselves.' An outburst thoroughly characteristic of the man whose friends 'were chiefly a few private people, his dogs, his servants, and his wife.'

ANCIENT SCOTTISH LAKE-DWELLINGS.

As a branch of antiquarian research, the origin and history of ancient lake-dwellings, or crannogs, are of considerable interest, and valuable as throwing additional light on this singular phase of prehistoric life. Crannogs were a kind of fortified islands in lakes, and were used as dwelling-places and places of refuge by the early Celtic inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland. The portion of the island to be so fortified was marked off by piles driven into the bottom of the water, and these served to support a platform on which log-houses were erected, above high-water mark. Remains of these ancient structures have been found widely distributed throughout Europe; but the study of them is comparatively new. It is curious, indeed, that, in bygone years, so little attention should have been given to these submerged remains; for it was not until the second half of the present century that they were made the subject of special inquiry, when Mr Joseph Robertson, in the year 1857, read a paper upon them before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which had the effect of stimulating research in this direction. Although several discoveries were made by subsequent explorers, yet comparatively little was done by way of furthering the systematic exploration of these widely-seated remains in Scotland, until the formation of the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archeological Association opened a new epoch in antiquarian study; one of the features of this Society being 'the prominence given to practical explorations as a means of investigating the prehistoric remains of the district.' For a full account of its investigations, we are indebted to Dr Munro's valuable work, *Ancient Scottish Lake-dwellings or Crannogs; with a supplementary chapter on Remains of Lake-dwellings in England*, by Robert Munro, M.D., F.S.A.Scot. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas), in which, besides giving an admirable summary of the observations made by previous explorers, he has added a description of his own investigations. Its value, too, is enhanced in interest by the two hundred and seventy illustrations which accompany the text; many of these enabling the reader to gain a clear idea not only of the structure of the lake-dwellings, but of the various relics found in their localities.

Referring to the origin of the Scottish crannogs, it has often been asked for what purpose they were constructed, and what grade of civilisation

characterised their occupiers. Although antiquaries have differed in their opinion respecting the age of these remains, yet the weight of evidence, after a patient analysis of the characteristic features of the numerous excavations made in recent years, seems to indicate that they are of comparatively modern origin, when contrasted with those of Switzerland, having been constructed probably about the time of the Roman invasion. It is suggested that they were erected by 'one and the same people for a special purpose, and about the same time, or, at least, within a limited period;' the plan on which they were built having been introduced by immigrants of the Swiss lake-building community. The author, too, considers it probable that they were mostly constructed by the Celtic population, a fact which would account for their uneven distribution throughout Scotland. 'Though we cannot argue definitely,' he says, 'from the present geographical distribution of the Scottish lake-buildings, the indications are so clearly suggestive of their having been peculiar to those districts formerly occupied by Celtic races, that the significance of this generalisation cannot be overlooked. Thus, adopting Skene's division of the four kingdoms into which Scotland was ultimately divided by the contending nationalities of Picts, Scots, Angles, and Strathclyde Britons, after the final withdrawal of the Romans, we see that of all the crannogs proper, none have been found within the territories of the Angles; ten and six are respectively within the confines of the Picts and Scots; while no fewer than twenty-eight are situated in the Scottish portion of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde.' That they have not been found in the south-eastern part of Scotland, may suggest the theory, that these districts had been occupied by the Angles before Celtic civilisation—or rather the warlike necessities of the times—gave birth to the island dwellings.

Again, among the relics discovered in the Scottish lake-dwellings, very few are of great antiquity, none of the animal remains belonging to any very remote species. The objects, too, of stone are far from numerous, whereas there is an abundance of bone and wooden implements. Some idea of the domestic life of the Scottish lake-dwelling communities may be gathered from the excavated relics. Thus, it appears, Dr Munro tells us, that the Celtic short-horn, the so-called goat-horned sheep, and a domestic breed of pigs, were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red-deer and roebuck seem to show that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified; but, as Dr Munro points out, this is no criterion of the extent of the encroachments of the lake-dwellers on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare, the occupiers of Lochspouts crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shellfish. The objects discovered also afford ample testimony of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries by these lake-dwellers; many of these consisting of clay spindle-whorls, pins, needles, bodkins, knife-handles of red-deer horn, &c. In Carlingwark Loch, Kirkcudbrightshire, a caldron in an excellent state of preservation was found; and in a

crannog at Ledaig, in Argyllshire, a wooden comb was turned up.

The great variety of relics thus brought to light, whilst illustrating the arts and industries of the lake-dwellers, proves that they were the products of a refined civilisation, and testifies to the peaceful character of the inhabitants. From the rich store of articles, however, secreted in these lake-dwellings, it has been urged that they were the headquarters of thieves and robbers, where the proceeds of their marauding excursions among the surrounding Roman provincials were stored up. But facts ascertained by research do not support this conjecture, inasmuch as, among the relics, military remains are only feebly represented by 'a few iron daggers and spear-heads, one or two doubtful arrow-points, and a quantity of round pebbles and so-called slingstones.' On the other hand, as a secluded place of refuge in perilous times, such an island-home would provide safety and protection; as was the case with the crannog of Loch-an-Eilan, in Strathspey, which in the year 1688 we find spoken of as 'useful to the country in time of trouble or wars, for the people put in their goods and children here, and it is easily defended.' In the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland (April 14, 1608), it is ordered that 'the hail housis of defence, strongholds, and crannokis in the yllis [the Western Isles] pertaining to Angus McConnell of Dunnyvaig, and Hector McCloyne of Dowart, sal be delyverit to his Majestic.' In neighbourhoods, too, without any natural protection, such as caves, or sites adapted for fortifications, our forefathers displayed their ingenuity by constructing these island-homes of wood; not an easy task, considering that they were frequently built in ten or twelve feet of water. As feats, moreover, of architectural skill, they are more remarkable, because, apart from having been secure retreats for large numbers of persons, they have proved their durability by resisting most successfully the ravages of centuries.

Of the explorations carried on in recent years, one of the most interesting is that which was made owing to the drainage of Lochlee, four years ago, and the discovery beneath its grassy surface of a crannog. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of the most satisfactory excavations that archaeological science has accomplished in this direction, as the work was carried on in a systematic method, and without those difficulties which necessarily so often attend researches of this kind. As Dr Munro says, before this loch was artificially drained, no one appears to have surmised that a small island, which became visible in the summer-time, and formed a safe habitation for gulls and other sea-birds during the breeding season, was formerly the residence of man. It does not appear to have attracted the attention of the poet Burns, although he lived for four years on the farm in which this loch was situated, as ploughman to his father, the tenant of the place. When, however, in consequence of the discoveries of crannogs in other similar localities, it was surmised that there might be such a structure under Lochlee, especially as various remains had been dug up in the neighbourhood, the excavations were made which have had such a satisfactory result. Thus, a trench of a circular shape, about twenty-five

yards in diameter and from five to six feet deep, was dug, which disclosed a number of wooden piles, mostly upright, but some slanting. By far the most remarkable objects, however, were thick planks of oak about six feet long, with a large square hole cut at each end. At the north-east side there were two rows of these beams exposed, four in each row, and about five feet apart, through some of which, piles were still left sticking, their purpose being to keep the upper ends of the upright piles in position. Contiguous to these beams, there was a rude platform of rough planks, resting on transverse beams of split oak-trees, one of which measured fourteen and a half feet long and eight inches broad. Underneath this platform was discovered a compact mass of clay, stones, beams of soft wood, and ultimately brushwood, below which it was impossible to make any further excavation, owing to the oozing up of water. On extending their operations to the north-west corner, the explorers came upon the edge of a smooth pavement neatly constructed of flat stones, which was agreed to be a fireplace, judging from the ashes, charcoal, and small pieces of burnt bones scattered about. As the excavations were continued, not only were further pavements disclosed, but such a host of remains, that Dr Munro gave one spot the name of 'Relic-bed.' Hence, the completeness, as he says, with which 'the operations have been executed, together with the great variety of relics found, cannot fail to make the Lochlee crannog a standard of comparison for future discoveries of a similar character.'

Among the researches and discoveries may be mentioned the crannog at Friars' Carse, Dumfriesshire, and the excavation of another one at Lochspouts, near Kilkerran. The relics found in the latter, at a depth of about eighteen inches from the surface, although in point of number and variety not equal to those from Lochlee, are scarcely inferior to them in archaeological importance, comprising objects of stone, bone, horn, wood, and metal. The crannog at Barhapple Loch, Glenluce, Wigtownshire, which was excavated as recently as the year 1880, consists, so far as explored, mainly of piles and platforms of wood, with rough stones at some points. Lastly, the crannog at Buston, near Kilmaurs, has excited considerable interest; for not only have relics of a most extensive character been brought to light, but the remains of a dwelling-house have been rendered distinctly discernible. Whether this was one large pagoda-like building, or a series of small huts, is uncertain; although, we are told, the evidence, as far as it goes, would seem to be indicative of the former.

In addition to the discoveries of recent years, Dr Munro has given a descriptive notice of the Scottish lake-dwellings previous to the year 1878, which adds to the completeness of his work. Thus, among the more remarkable, we are told, is one in the Loch of Forfar, which bears the name of St Margaret, the queen of King Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1097. Another crannog is that of Lochindorb, in Moray, which was visited by Edward I. in 1303, about which time it was so fortified, that in 1336 Edward III. led an army to its relief, through the mountain passes of Athol and Badenoch. The crannog of Loch Cannor or Kinord, in Aberdeenshire, had

James IV. for its guest in 1506; and continued to be a place of strength until 1648, when it was destroyed by order of parliament. The site of the Loch of Banchory dates back to 1619; Banchory itself being a place of very ancient note; for here was the grave of our Christian missionary St Ternan, Archbishop of the Picts, as he is called in the old service-books of the church. The discovery of crannogs in Loch Dowalton, and of artificial islands in Mull, furnishes additional illustrations of these structures, to which may be added the crannog in the Loch of Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, and also that of Loch Lotus in Kirkcudbrightshire. Considering how little has been popularly known of this branch of archaeological research, which is of widespread interest, as not being confined to any one country, we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Munro for his comprehensive work, which is the only complete history of British lake-dwellings yet published.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANTS.

THE antiseptic properties of carbolic acid have long been known, and this substance in its liquid state is extensively used in operations by surgeons. As a non-poisonous disinfectant the acid, in a vaporised condition, is said to be invaluable in hospitals and sick-rooms, and the following is a simple plan recommended by Messrs F. C. Calvert and Co. of Manchester, the manufacturers not only of the acid, but also of a carbolic vaporiser, for the use of which apparatus detailed particulars are given.

Place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it becomes thoroughly hot (but not red-hot); then take it to the centre of the room and pour on the shovel an ounce (back of each bottle is graduated in ounces) of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic; lean the shovel so that no fluid can fall to the floor, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapour sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapour will in no way injure pictures, metals, or fabrics. It is highly beneficial in many infectious diseases, and having been scientifically proved to benefit lungs affected by tubercle, it may be safely inhaled to a reasonable extent, and it can be diluted with water if weaker vapour is wanted. The No. 4 fluid can be more easily tolerated because of its extra purity, and to many its odour is decidedly pleasant if not excessively employed. Daily use of this process is strongly recommended when infectious diseases are present or feared, and it will be found serviceable in cases of whooping-cough. The vapour is not at all inflammable unless the shovel be made red-hot or held within two feet of fire or light, and the fluid will not injure carpets; but it should not be allowed to fall upon oilcloths, painted or varnished wood-work or furniture.

N.B.—If any raw carbolic acid should fall on the skin, it must be promptly rubbed off with a dry cloth, and the affected parts well rubbed with oil. If taken internally by mistake, sweet oil and castor oil should be at once administered in large doses, and no water used.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The public have been not only somewhat startled lately, but all true lovers of architectural beauty and antiquity have been sorely dismayed at the Report issued on the state of the external walls of Westminster Abbey, which are declared to be if not exactly absolutely ruinous, yet in a fair way to become so, and that at no distant period. This disastrous intelligence, coming immediately after the statement that the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral—another of our beautiful ecclesiastical monuments—was in absolute danger of falling, is certainly significant, and sufficiently distressing. It would appear that for a very long period corrosion has been going on from the pernicious effects of coal-smoke, damp, and frost, and that the external walls are in many places said to be eaten away to such an extent that the rubble forming the interior layer between the outer and inner walls is in many places absolutely visible. This is perfectly true, and has been often noticed by the writer. If this is really so to the extent stated, it is quite evident that decay has commenced to an alarming extent, and once begun, will go on extending its ravages, unless immediately checked by prompt and energetic measures, such as have been so judiciously adopted at Peterborough, where, apparently, not even a single day was allowed to elapse before operations were at once commenced.

The exterior walls of the Abbey are built of a stone which, though remarkable for its resistance to fire, is certainly not proof against the weather, which seems a determined enemy where it has the chance; whilst the interior is entirely of fine limestone from Purbeck, commonly known as Purbeck marble, and remarkable for its hardness, and for the fine polish it takes so readily and retains so long. The glorious interior is happily in a perfectly sound condition, and it is only the exterior that requires immediate and judicious treatment in order to arrest the steady progress of the decay which has undoubtedly begun. A large portion—if not indeed nearly the whole—of the outer walls will need recasing. This is a serious matter, because it will of necessity involve a vast expense; but if we do not intend to let ourselves be disgraced as a nation in the eyes of the whole civilised world, steps must immediately be taken to save from impending destruction one of the most beautiful and most deeply interesting of our historical and ecclesiastical monuments. A public subscription would very shortly produce the required funds; for in a cause so genuine and so national, we trust that few would be found who would refuse to contribute their mite.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is currently reported that the celebrated steamer the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship ever built, and the grandest vessel afloat, after having been put to various incongruous uses, is at last to be converted into a collier, and to carry coals between London and the Firth of Forth. A more complete degradation it is impossible to conceive. When this magnificent ship was first built, the greatest expectations were raised of what she was to do, the vast cargoes she was to carry, and the thousands of passengers she was to accom-

modate. But a peculiar sort of ill-luck seemed to hang over her from her very launching; accidents and misadventures pursued her, and she never appeared to have been managed with spirit or tact by her owners, or else some strange prejudice must have existed against her, which operated in her disfavour, or she would surely have been more sought after by the travelling public. After having ruined her original Company, they were glad to sell her for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds immediately after her launch; and she ultimately started on her first voyage on the 17th of June 1860, with thirty-six passengers only.

Although this was very successful, yet nothing further seems to have been done until May 1861, when she again crossed the Atlantic in ten days with a speed of fourteen and a half knots per hour. After this, she was hired by the War Office, and carried two thousand troops to Quebec with such success that she subsequently made another trip to America—this time with four hundred passengers. And this seems the last time she was so engaged; for the next we hear of her is her employment to lay the great Atlantic Cable, a duty for which no vessel afloat could approach her, on account of her vast size. After this useful and important service, she appears to have done nothing more, and for a long time was laid up in the Medway, whence she removed to Milford-Haven; and from this place she will—if the report is true—commence her new service as a collier—a *Geordie Boy*, capable of carrying twenty thousand tons of coal at once. It will be remembered that this magnificent 'collier' is registered twenty-three thousand tons burden, and is seven hundred feet in length, eighty-five in breadth, and sixty-one in depth. She is driven by a screw propeller, in addition to a pair of vast paddles, each furnished with separate engines, representing the united power of twelve thousand horses. Each engine has ten boilers, and each boiler ten furnaces. Five immense funnels and five masts, twenty boats, including two small steamers carried amidships, ten anchors of enormous size, with five thousand feet of chain cable of unprecedented magnitude, constituted some of the belongings of this marvellous ship. It may be added that she was begun 1st May 1854, and launched, after much difficulty, in January 1858, but did not make her first voyage till June 1860.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

THERE is a pleasant void within my breast—
It is the place where once my heart did dwell
Ere thou hadst stolen it from its peaceful rest
By witchcraft-goodness and by beauty-spell.
Restore it not, but let my blissful loss
Be sweet remembrance of my pilfering fair;
I would esteem it as but less than dross
If thou returned it from thy bosom's care.
Mayhap I did abet thee in the deed—
My heart without thee were an empty toy;
I will not chide if thou but hear me plead,
O give me thine, and great will be my joy.
Or if, alack, thy heart be given away,
Grant mine a tomb where thine so lately lay.

D. H. KENNEDY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.